

SONG OF INDIA INK DEPT.

Recently, some smart producer got the bright idea to make a musical out of "Li'l Abner!", and it turned out to be a resounding success both on Broadway, and as a Hollywood movie. The way we look at it, this will probably start a whole rash of musicals based on comic strips, like "Kerry Get Your Gun", "Call Me Sluggo" and "The Little King and I". So, to nip this nauseating trend in the bud, here is our version of a comic strip musical to end all comic strip musicals . . . mainly . . .

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The Mad "Comic" Opera

"I can't understand it, folks! My 'sawing-a-woman-in-half' trick always worked before!"

ACT 1, SCENE 1: THE OFFICE OF DICK TRACY



WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD



I know exactly what I'm looking for ...

* The girl that I marry will have to be
As light on her feet as a chimpanzee!
The girl with whom I'll romp
Will swing through the jungle
And smell like a swamp!

A bone of white ivory will grace her nose!
She'll spring like a panther when I propose!
'Stead of sighin',
She'll be cryin'
With the roar of a half-crazy lion!
Athletic and hairy
The girl that I marry must be!

*Sung to the tune of "The Girl That I Marry"

But what ever happened to Jane?

She ran off with Mark Trail!

Oh, that's a shame!
Well, don't worry! I'll help you find a wife!

ACT 1, SCENE 2: DUGAN'S BAR

Hey, Tracy! I was just in Dugan's Bar, and I saw your girl-friend Orphan Annie!

So what, Phil! She's probably just waiting for me!

But she was with a guy in a white coat!

White coat, you say! That could only be one man!
That hideous arch-fiend, Rex Morgan, M.D.!
C'mon, Tarzan!
We've got to save her!

Leapin' lizards! I don't like the way you've been talking, Rex Morgan, M.D.!
What do you want with me, anyhow?

It's your eyes, Annie! I've never seen anything like them before! I must have you (heh-heh) forever!

* I've got no doctor's degree!
I'm just a quack;
A diploma I lack!
But when I first saw you, I knew
That I'd like to practice on you!

I'm just a phony M.D.!
Your glassy eyes
Give me such a surprise
That I'm sure that their size can't be true!
So I'd like to practice on you!

I look at you every time that we
Are meeting here
For highballs!
How you can see makes no sense to me!
You've obviously got
No eyeballs!

Why not leave Tracy for me?
Let's make a date—
After I operate
You'll look great there
Preserved just like new!
Oh, I'd like to practice
On you!

Hold on, Rex Morgan, M.D.
Your evil plans are doomed!

He's mad, Tracy!
Stark raving mad!

*Sung to the tune of "I Get A Kick Out of You"

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ACT 1, SCENE 3; IN A PLANE, 18,000 FEET UP

I wonder why Sandy led us into this plane? Where do you think the pilot is taking us?

I don't know, but I always trust Sandy!

Arf!

You know, Tracy, I'm really shocked about Annie and Rex Morgan, M.D. I always thought she was just a little girl, and he was a respectable doctor!

That's where you're wrong, Tarzan! You can't believe everything you hear about comic strip characters! Listen . . . and I'll explain . . .

* It ain't necessarily so!
It ain't necessarily so!
The comics you're readin'
Are often misleadin'
They ain't necessarily so!

Flash Gordon, he flies to the stars!
Flash Gordon, he flies to the stars!
But I know he's lyin'
'Cause folks who've been tryin'
Can't even reach Venus or Mars!

Just look at that fellow, Clark Kent!
Just look at that fellow, Clark Kent!
His specs don't disguise him
And yet no one spies him
As being that Superman gent!

Now all of Steve Canyon's
Sweet female companions
Are at his beck and call!
They're cuttin' up capers
In hundreds of papers . . .
But don't believe it all!

* Sung to the tune of "It Ain't Necessarily So"

Now Annie is young, so you hear!
Now Annie is young, so you hear!
But I am assertin'
That I know for certain
She's now in her 36th year!

I want every reader to know!
The comics, they ain't nessa—
Ain't nessa—ain't nessa—
Ain't necessarily so!

Gee, Tracy! I never thought of it like that! I . . . HEY!
Looks like we're running into some bad weather

The plane's going into a steep dive!
Something tells me we're crashing! Hey pilot! What happened?

Well, I'll tell you . . .

Arf!

* It was just one of our wings!
Just one of our airplane's wings!
One of those breaks
That bad weather brings!
Just one of our wings!

It's been just one of those nights!
Just one of those perilous flights!
When you bail out,
Count ten and pull strings!
Just one of our wings!

If I'd thought a bit
To the end of it,
When I saw the plane
was unsound!
I'd have been aware
Once we'd reach the air
That we'd crash,
smash to the ground!

So goodbye, have a nice trip!
Here's hoping
I've still got a strip!
Now I must run,
'Cause we've got just one
Of our wings!

He
bailed
out!

Guess we
better do
the same!
I sure hope
Sandy can
count to
ten . . .

Arf!

*Sung to the tune of "Just One Of Those Things"

ACT 2, SCENE 1: PENNY'S HOUSE, 18,000 FEET BELOW

I'm so glad that
Penny invited you
and Lowzee to
dinner with us,
Snuffy! Tell, me!
Are you really
beatniks?

Someone's
at the door,
Mom! I'll
see who
it is!

One side, Kid!
The name's
Morgan, M.D.,
and I need a
hideout for
Annie and me!

Run for
your lives!
He's mad!

Don't listen to
her! She's mad
herself! Just
look at those
staring eyes!

Pore chile's all
tuckered out! Ye
aillin', honey?

I'm all right!
It's just that
I wish Dick
Tracy were here!
Gosh, I miss him!

* Tra-cy!
How I miss ya! How I miss ya!
My dear Dick Tracy!
I'd give the world to say
That you were here with A-
N-N-I-Even know that
San-dy's
Workin' for ya, barkin' for ya!
He'll find me, Tracy!
A happy girl I never will be
Till Tracy comes an' rescues me!

Don't worry,
Annie! We're
here! Sandy
did lead us
to you!

Tracy!
At last!

And now for you,
Rex Morgan, M.D.
Take that! And
that! And . . .

Darn it!
I keep
missing
him!

*Sung to the tune of "Swanee"

